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L. R. SAYRE Would inform the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, consisting of Flour, Tea, Coffee, Spices, Sugar, Raisins, Butter, Cheese, Dried Fruits, Cream Tartar, Soda, Saleratus, Clark's Yeast, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Vanilla, Cocoa, Chow Chow, Paper Soap, Pickles, Vinegar, a variety of Fish, Kerosene Oil, Soap, Candles, Nuts and Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, and other articles too numerous to mention, which I am offering to the public at a Bargain. Please call and examine before purchasing, Middlebury, May 30, 1868, L. R. SAYRE.

G. RIST MILL, FLOUR, GRAIN & FEED STORE. The subscriber having leased the GRIST MILL of the Middlebury Manufacturing Co. for a term of years, and connected it with my FEED STORE, and having repaired the Mill thoroughly at a large expense with new machinery and employed one of the BEST MILLERS IN THE STATE, am prepared to grind any amount of grain at short notice.

BUCKWHEAT Ground every day in the week. The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand OATS, CORN, FLOUR, BRAN, MIXED FEEDS, OIL MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, INDIAN MEAL, FLOUR OF BONE, &c., &c., &c. Will sell at small profits from cost, for cash, V. V. CLAY, Middlebury, Sept. 28, 1868, 41 1/2

# Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIV. MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1869. NO. 1.

FOR SALE.

The Farm of the late C. G. Tilden, situated in the east end of Cornwall, upon the road leading to East Middlebury. Said Farm contains about three hundred acres. It is conveniently divided into meadow, pasture, plough lands, and has an abundance of wood and timber. Buildings in good repair, convenient and ample in number and size. This Farm is well adapted for a Dairy, and will be sold on terms worthy the notice of either the FARMER OR CAPITALIST.

For further information inquire of W. R. REMELE, Middlebury, Feb. 17th, 1869, 49 1/2

POTATOES FOR SALE. I have one hundred bushels of good PEACH-BLOW Potatoes. I wish to sell, CHILTON CRANE, Bridport, Feb. 23d, 1869, 49 1/2

FOR SALE. A farm of about three hundred acres, consisting of arable land, meadow, good wood land, well timbered, all of the best quality of soil. There are two good dwelling houses and plenty of barns and outbuildings, two good apple orchards and plenty of the small fruits. It is well fenced, mostly with good cedar rails. The farm is readily accessible to a cheese factory. This farm will be sold, and at a reasonable price. Whoever wants such a place and fails to come and see it, will lose an opportunity not often presented. For further particulars call on A. W. PERRY, Shortland, Vt., Aug. 22, 1868, 49 1/2

J. S. CHANDLER, DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GROCERIES, CUTLERY, NAILS AND GLASS, KEROSENE OIL, FAMILY MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, And Notions generally, Would just mention that our goods are sold cheap for cash, and take everybody's word for it, before purchasing elsewhere, Middlebury, Vt., 41 1/2

TEAS MADE A SPECIALTY. On which the inspection of the public is requested, Vide the Register of January 20th, 1869. This same Chandler has just received a fresh ADDITION TO HIS STOCK of the above articles, and, as circumstances demand, will buy more, and give his customers the benefit of the same. Feeling thankful for the kind public for past favors, would respectfully ask a continuance of the same. Your obedient servant, J. S. CHANDLER, Ripton, March 5th, 1869, 41 1/2

RIPLEY SONS & CO., CENTER RUTLAND, VT., MANUFACTURERS OF HYDRAULIC CEMENT, DRAIN & SEWER PIPE. All sizes from three inches to twelve inches in diameter, constantly on hand. LARGER SIZES MADE TO ORDER. ALSO: CURVES AND ELBOWS TO TURN ANY ANGLE DESIRED. THIS IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST. Drain Pipes for all purposes for which drains are laid. Price in proportion to size, -from 18 cents per foot for three inches, to 90 cents for twelve inch.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES FOR 1868. WM. SLADE, Having just returned from New York, offers for sale at Low Prices the largest and best assortment of MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS ever brought into this County. Hats and Bonnets, -Latest Styles, Ribbons, Flowers, French Flowers, &c., &c. I have also a large lot of DRESS & CLOAK TRIMMINGS, Bullion Fringes and heading to match, Dress Buttons, silk and jet, Real Clancy Laces, Gimp Laces, Thread Laces, Velvet Ribbons, &c. I have this day received 25 dozen DUTCHES KID GLOVES, a fine assortment of CLOAKING & READY-MADE CLOAKS, and a good line of DOUBLE & SINGLE SHAWLS, Winter Gloves, a large line of Linen Collars and Cuffs, also, Embroidery Sets, and Real Thread Lace Collars, Linen Handkerchiefs, hemmed, starched, plain and lace, French Corsets, Braiding Patterns, &c., &c. I have a large lot of Wanted Goods, consisting of Breakfast Shawls, Jackets, Luggins, Nubias, Hoods, Children's Caps, Scarfs, &c. In Zephyr Worsted, WE CANNOT BE BEAT! keeping the real Bargain, weighing 9 ounces to the pound more than any other brand. Ladies, don't forget that SLADE is the place to get REAL HAIR SWITCHES, to match all shades of hair; Hair Brushes, Puffs, Pinks and Combs, Soap, Perfumery. I hope the Ladies will not forget that I keep constantly on hand FANCY HEAD DRESSES AND DRESS CAPS, All the above articles I offer Cheap for Cash, and thanking the public for past favors I solicit continuance of the same. WM. SLADE, Middlebury, Sept. 28, 1868, 41 1/2

Miscellany.

RED KNIFE: OR KIT CARSON'S LAST TRAIL.

By Leon Lewis.

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGON TRAIL," "THE WITCH FINDER," "THE WATER WOLF," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STAKED!

Towards the close of a beautiful day in June, 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon fleet horses, came galloping over one of the greatest plains of the West, and drew rein in the shade of a clump of cottonwoods upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their steeds were panting and covered with sweat and foam.

We must give the horses a breathing spell said the former, slipping to the ground; and his companion nodded a graceful assent, as she followed his example.

The couple were evidently father and daughter.

The man was in the prime of life, hale and hearty, with a large frame, which was sinewy and athletic, without ceasing to be refined and prepossessing. He had the keen, shrewd look peculiar to the advanced guards of civilization, and there was an honest, frank expression on his sun-browned face that proclaimed his integrity and courage.

In her way, his daughter was equally picturesque and attractive.

In the early flush of womanhood, with a pure sweet and tender face, with eyes darkly glowing, with coral-tinted lips, and cheeks softly flushed with the hue of the rose, with amber curls floating behind her, she was as graceful as a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as lovely as a flower, and as spirited as an untamed antelope.

The stream by which the couple had halted was Wood river, a branch of the Platte, in Nebraska, at a point fifty miles a rhewest of Fort Kearney.

'Are you tired, Miriam?' asked the hunter, George Dane, with fatherly solicitude.

'Tired father?' rejoined the maiden, with a happy laugh. 'Oh, no. How could I be tired after a day like this! Every minute has been filled with pleasure and excitement. I feel as fresh as your bird.'

The father smiled understandingly, with a look full of the fondest affection.

'I can guess the cause of your lightness of heart,' said he smilingly. 'The return now daily expected, of a certain Hubert Earle, from the mines of Idaho, may account, I suspect for your present gladness.'

A heightened color appeared on Miriam's face, for the name mentioned was that of her lover. She answered the glance of her father, however, with a frankness that attested his entire sympathy with her, and said:

'True, father, my heart has been unusually light for several days past. How could it be otherwise, since I know that Hubert is coming!'

Mr. Dane did not reply. He was looking with kindling eye, over the fair flower dotted plain; and his next remark showed how widely his thoughts had strayed.

'I wonder what mother has been doing without us all day Miriam. She must be lonely, with no one to speak to or share her meals. I shouldn't wonder if we could see our home from this point,' and his face lighted up with a soulful glow. 'Our cottage is not more than seven miles distant.'

He drew from his coat a pocket-glass, adjusted it to his sight, pointing it in a northerly direction, and gazed through it long and earnestly, towards his ranch upon Carey's Fork.

'Yes I see it,' he said, at last, with a long, deep and joyful inspiration, as if the sight refreshed him in every nerve. 'There is our cottage, as plain as day. I can even see the vines you planted before the windows, Miriam. And there, on grape-vine bench, under the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her sewing. Bless her! she does not imagine we are looking at her.'

He yielded the instrument to his daughter, who gazing with smiles as she regarded the distant homestead, said:

'Dear mother! she murmured. 'It is a treat to her to be able to sit out under the trees without fear of molestation. There are no hostile Indians around here now—are they father.'

'No, Red Knife, as you have already heard was killed yesterday by a settler, and his band has retreated towards the mountains. I will confess, Miriam, that during all the time we have been in the West, I have not felt so light-hearted and care-free as since we received news of Red Knife's death. You have seen how this joy bubbles over in me. Red Knife was a demon, rather than a savage.'

Miriam shuddered, and her features even paled at the memory of the Indian mentioned.

'He never spared a pale face,' she said, striving to speak calmly. 'Desolation and cruelty marked his path. For more than three years he has raged to and fro upon the plains like a ravening wolf. He was the terror of the border.'

You have named him appropriately, Miriam, said the hunter. 'He had a diabolical hatred of the white race, and his victims have been many.'

Mr. Dane held out his hand for the glass, and Miriam was in the act of re-

storing it, when a strange, gasping, panting sound startled them both, and sent them quickly to their saddles.

The hunter wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river bank, from which direction the sound had come, his manner self-possessed, but his countenance indicative of alarm. The maiden followed his example.

Her eyes were the first to discover the cause of the sound that had startled them, detecting a man's figure creeping along through the undergrowth of bushes lining the shore.

At the same moment, their presence in turn was detected, for the man dropped suddenly among the protecting bushes, as if he had been shot.

'An Indian!' whispered Miriam, drawing from her bosom a revolver.

The hunter shook his head, continuing to watch the spot at which the man had fallen, his hand on his rifle, ready for action.

Suddenly, the man showed a haggard face peering cautiously from his concealment, Mr. Dane's anxious countenance broke into a smile, and he cried out:

'Hallo! Is that you, Thompson? Do you take us for Indians, that you skulk there in the bushes!'

The individual addressed was silent a full minute, as it seemed from sheer surprise; then he sprang out from his hiding-place with a cry of relief, and advanced swiftly towards the father and daughter.

He was a man of middle age, of the ordinary type of backwoods-men, strong and brown and stalwart, of the rude, rugged type that seems to belong to the border.

His face was haggard and white, although covered with perspiration. His breath came through his parted lips in quick, uneven gasps. He had run far and swiftly, and looked as if about to drop from fatigue.

'What has happened, Thompson?' asked Dane, with keen anxiety, the man's singular appearance giving him a sudden shock of alarm.

'The Indians!' gasped Thompson, scarcely able to command his voice. 'They are coming! Red Knife and his band—divided—my wife—my children! Help me! Help me!'

'What talk is this?' cried Dane, agitated in spite of his efforts at self-control. Red Knife was killed yesterday—'

'He was only wounded,' interrupted Thompson. He is coming to take his vengeance on us settlers. He has divided his band into two. They were up at the Deer Creek this morning, and are now coming this way. The points to be struck are your house and mine.'

'My God!' ejaculated Dane, as his informant paused in his excited, breathless narration.

'A horse!' cried Thompson, reeling with fatigue. 'I can go no further on foot. My wife, my children—help pity and save them.'

He looked from the hunter to his daughter in agonized and mute supplication.

Dane snatched the glass from Miriam's hands and placed it to his eyes.

He looked to the northward—saw his pretty cottage, his wife busy at her needle under the trees—and glanced at the dim line of the horizon stretching away eastward and westward from his home.

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands—his face blanched to the hue of snow. From the west, seeming to emerge from the clouds of scarlet and gold, he had beheld a band of mounted Indians riding boldly towards that unprotected home, towards that unconscious and helpless woman.

With a frenzied cry, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed away like a madman, shouting to his daughter to follow him; at the same instant Thompson staggered forward and fell in the maiden's path, holding up his hands in anguish.

'My wife! my children!' he groaned. There was no hesitation in the soul of the brave Miriam.

'Mine is but a single life; he has seven depending on him,' she said, aloud.

As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and, with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.

'But your danger!' faltered Thompson. 'The Indians—'

Miriam again pointed to the saddle. 'Go,' she commanded. 'Think only of your family, and be gone.'

Still Thompson hesitated, sweeping the horizon with eager glances, to assure himself that no immediate danger threatened. A change came over his face as he looked, and he uttered a wild cry, catching up the glass Mr. Dane had let fall, and looked through it.

'The sight he beheld convulsed him with terror.

Not a mile away, to the west he saw coming over a ridge in the plain, and approaching rapidly, a considerable body of mounted savages.

'They're coming—a band of red-kings—directly towards us!' he gasped. 'I'm lost! Fly, Miriam, while you have the time!'

The maiden took the glass and gazed through it an instant at the approaching foe. A strange light appeared in her eyes—a light possessed only by those upon whom God has bestowed a consciousness of His great protection—the light of a heroism which death itself cannot master.

'Sure enough,' she murmured. 'They are coming! The leader is Red Knife. Go, neighbor Thompson on the instant!'

'We can ride together!' cried Thompson.

'No! The horse is tired. We have been to Willow Island. We should be overtaken before we had gone two miles!'

'Then we'll die together!'

'No! No! You must mount!'

With a gasp so sudden and firm that it startled him, the maiden pushed him

toward the horse, and in another instant he found himself, more by instinct than by thought, seated in the saddle.

'Away, Selim!' cried Miriam to her steed, with an imperative gesture.—'Away!'

The horse broke furiously over the plain, giving Thompson only time enough to flash a look of gratitude towards the maiden, as he dashed away to the north-east, towards his menaced home.

A moment later, Mr. Dane looked over his shoulder—took in at a glance the situation of affairs, recognizing the peril as well as the heroism of his child—bowed his head solemnly, as one submits to the inevitable, in approbation of her conduct, and then he swept on to the rescue of his wife, his soul torn by such emotions as are seldom brought to battle together.

And Miriam, throwing herself flat upon the ground, remained alone upon the plain, the very path of a score of mounted Indians, who were galloping towards her with the swiftness of the wind.

CHAPTER II. A CURIOUS AND STARTLING MYSTERY!

Skirting the Black Hills, forty miles west of Fort Laramie, a party of horsemen were riding eastward.

They had left Fort Bridger eight days before, taking the route of the North Platte, and were now following the Oregon emigrant road, among those long ridges, dry beds, and sterile plains, by which the regions of the Black Hills is distinguished.

The bulk of the party consisted of ten cavaliers, under a lieutenant, who were returning to Fort Laramie, their post of duty. They were well mounted, and had several led horses in their train, loaded with their provisions and appurtenances of travel.

The balance of the party comprised three civilians, who had seized the opportunity of crossing the mountains under military escort. Two of these were emigrants who had settled near Fort Bridger, but who had tired of the great solitude, or been frightened away by the Indians, and were now returning eastward in search of homes nearer the haunts of civilization.

The third civilian was Hubert Earle, the lover of Miriam Dane, the settler's daughter, whom we have just left in such deadly peril.

He was a splendid specimen of American manhood, magnificently formed, broad shouldered, deep-chested vigorous as an athlete, and rode his horse, a fiery Mexican steed, with the grace and ease of a Centaur.

At the moment of his introduction to the reader, he was riding in the rear of the little train, busy with his own reflections, which were evidently as bright as the morning itself—the forenoon precedents the events we have recorded.

His thoughts were wrapt in the sweet memory of Miriam, who had wept so bitterly at his departure, and who, he expected, would smile so joyously at his return.

'The dear little soul!' he murmured aloud. 'Where is she now?'

His eyes darkened with tender sweetness, his lips quivered with the ineffable love that flooded his being with a happiness akin to pain. He pictured their meeting, the pretty home they would share together, the ears they would spend in each other's society, the tender mutual love and care that would bless all their coming days.

He had left her a poor adventurer, to seek his fortune among the mines of Idaho. He was returning to her a more moderately rich man, with bills of exchange in his chamois money-belt of sufficient value to support them both in luxury as long as they might live.

It was not to be wondered at that his thoughts were pleasant.

Suddenly he was aroused from his trance-like silence, by cries of delight from his companions, and by the fact that they had checked their speed.

Looking around him quickly, he beheld the cause of the unusual excitement. To the southward, at no great distance, a small herd of buffaloes was grazing lazily, seemingly not at all alarmed by the near presence of a formidable enemy.

The wind was blowing from the north, the horses were fresh, and, as he looked at the tempting game, Hubert felt the spirit of the hunter grow strong within him.

Giving rein to his horse, he galloped along the line to speak to the lieutenant, but was met half way by that officer, whose sparkling eyes and eager demeanor attested to a kindling of Nimrod-like zeal.

'What do you say to an hour's sport, Mr. Earle?' shouted the lieutenant, as he bore down upon his friend, for Hubert was a decided favorite with every member of the party.

'I think it would be a downright shame to turn our backs on such splendid game,' was the quick response. 'Who could eat a dinner of salt pork, with those fat buffaloes so near us?'

The lieutenant smiled, glanced up and down the line, reading eager longing in the faces of his men, and resolved to carry out his own and the general desire.

At a word of command from him, the party set out at a quick gallop for the scene of action.

The buffaloes allowed the enemy to approach quite near, the wind favoring the hunters, but at length began to snuff the air uneasily, to shake their heads, and to look for the cause of their apprehensions.

A moment later they had beheld the enemy, and, with frightful howlings and mighty tramp had begun their wild mad flight to the southward.

The chase was a long one; and it was not till the hunters had run the buffaloes upon a spur of the Black Hills that they got a good chance at them. They then

brought down several plump young buffaloes, and dinner speedily became the watchword.

'It is noon, and we'll have dinner,' said the lieutenant, observing that the baggage animals with their drivers were approaching. 'Kindle a fire, boys, and we'll have steaks and roasts in abundance.'

While this order was being carried into effect, Hubert and several others were engaged in surveying the scene.

'A lonely and desolate spot,' said Hubert, thoughtfully. 'It looks as if man had never before visited it.'

'And no wonder,' returned Bridges, 'since it's five miles off the route. What could any man want here, unless he might be in pursuit of buffaloes?'

There being no answer to this question, Hubert proceeded to find an excellent grazing spot for his horse, tethered him, and flung himself on the ground in the shadow of the hill. The lieutenant and a portion of the men followed his example.

Plenty of low bushes were found dry enough to burn, and several fires were soon kindled. The choicest portions of the buffaloes were readily prepared for cooking, and it was not long before the odor of burning flesh was diffused on the air, four or five hungry soldiers serving as cooks.

It was a wild picnic scene on those lonely wilds, and every man there enjoyed it with true gypsy zest.

Suddenly a shout from one of the men who were strolling around, arrested the attention of the others.

'Hallo, boys!' he cried, 'I'm blest if here isn't a cave in the hill! Come, see the hole under these bushes. You never saw anything hidden neater in your lives.'

'Jones thinks nobody ever saw a cave before,' said one of the loungers. 'For my part, I think more of something to eat, than of a hole in the ground.'

This sentiment was echoed by the others, but the inquisitive cave discoverer, nothing daunted, approached the hole, took from it a torch, returned to the butte, parted the bushes, revealing a dark aperture in the face of the rock, and disappeared within it, his light giving back a yellow glare for a second after he had ceased to be seen.

The camp revelry went on the cooking progress, the minutes passed, and Jones did not reappear.

If that fellow had found a gold mine in there he wouldn't call one of us, growl of the loungeer who had before spoken, 'I wonder what Jones has found—'

'I'll just take a look, as dinner isn't quite ready.'

He arose lazily, abstracted a stick of burning wood for a torch, proceeded to the cavern entrance, and disappeared from view.

'Probably,' said Hubert, 'there's a large cavern under that hill. If we had time, it might pay to explore it. Under the present circumstances, I'm like Brown, and prefer my dinner to scientific exploration.'

The meal seemed to be nearly ready, for the rattling of tin cups and dishes began to be heard: the lieutenant's small camp chest was unpacked, and the cook shouted to the stragglers to come to dinner.

'Have Jones and Brown come back?' asked the lieutenant, as he rose to a sitting position, and glanced towards the cavern.

The men answered in the negative.

'Go after them then, King, and hurry them up,' said the officer. 'We must resume the march after dinner, and cannot afford to waste time here.'

King, a fine young fellow, took a torch, and entered the cave.

The dinner was dealt out—but savory steaks and roasts—the coffee measured, and the meal commenced, but none of the men who had entered the cave made their appearance.

'How singular!' ejaculated Bridges, testily and impatiently. 'What can keep those men? King has been gone ten minutes. Here! Sergeant Halset, hurry these men up!'

The sergeant, a brown, strong man of middle age, hesitated, and ventured to stammer:

'I beg your pardon, Lieutenant, but I think there's something wrong inside the cave. There's three men in there—all hungry and knowing that dinner's ready. Surely they'd come back if they could. Perhaps there's wild beasts, or some strange kind of gas that smother 'em, or—'

'Nonsense, Sergeant!' interrupted the lieutenant, frowning. 'I give you five minutes to bring those men back. Got?'

The sergeant's face paled, but, without another word, he took up a torch and entered the cave, disappearing from the gaze of his friends.

The minutes passed, the lieutenant and the men ate their dinner mechanically, awaiting anxiously the expected return of one of the four came back.

The words of the sergeant had made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers. A general gloom fell upon the camp, and the men cast frequent and fearful glances in the direction of the cavern. Even the lieutenant and Hubert felt a strange depression creeping over them which neither could resist.</